

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 49. MINOR THEATRE, Pt. 6d
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE HUNCHBACKS:

A DRAMA.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,
 By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with
 A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,
 By Mr. BONNER,
 from
 A Drawing taken in the Theatre
 by
 Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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The Hunchbacks.

Guzzaret. Oh ! never mind your bones—think of my character, my reputation !

Act I. Scene 1.

THE HUNCHBACKS:

A DRAMA,

In Two Acts.

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LONDON:

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REMARKS.

The Hunchbacks.

WE are too apt to associate mental with bodily deformity: for the first we have to blame ourselves; for the latter, Heaven is accountable. No man would be born a monster if he could help it; be cheated of feature, curtailed of the old-fashioned number of organs and limbs, or even favoured with *more* than the usual compliment; inasmuch as an *Argus* is accounted no less a monster than a *Cyclops*. It has been said, that a man cast in an unfavourable mould generally exhibits a corresponding mind. This is not a fair assumption; since deformity, if it receive not the open scoffs and ribaldry of the world, too often inherits a large share of its contempt. Hence the factious spirit—the hatred for his species, that sometimes characterize an object whom Nature seems to have fashioned as a libel on her fairest work. If to such a being, thus thrown, as it were, on our protection, we extend not our pity and regard, what can be said of our own minds? Have we not a deformity within far more hideous than that which, in the outward form of a brother, we unjustly ridicule and despise?

A morbid sense of bodily imperfection will, without further provocation, sour the temper, since it mortifies our personal vanity. A man may become so philosophically reckless of public opinion as to *brag* of his vices; but what philosopher ever boasted or made a merit of a *club foot*? We suspect that Lord Byron's misanthropy was not a little aggravated by his deformed limb: it is on undoubted record that riding was his favourite amusement, *because* it concealed this defect of nature; that he sedulously strove to hide it when in company; that his mother was anathematized for some supposed participation in this hateful infirmity; and that Heaven was impiously arraigned because his lordship could not foot it with the agility and grace of a Vestris or Deshayes!

A bad man may laugh at virtue in the hope of rendering it indifferent to others, and thus bring society down to a level with himself; but personal grace is an ancient predilection: he remembers the *fox* who had lost his tail, and is cynical and silent.

Of the wonderful supremacy of a highly-gifted mind over the disadvantages of feature and form, Scarron, the French poet, is a notable instance. He who, with *such* a person, could charm into marriage the beautiful Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, must have possessed mental accomplishments of no ordinary kind. "My head (says he) is somewhat too big considering my height, and my face is full enough in all conscience for one that carries such a skeleton of a body about him. My eyes are large; they are of a blue colour, and one of them is sunk deeper into my head than the other, which was occasioned by my leaning on that side. My legs and thighs, in the first place, compose an obtuse angle, then an equal one, and, lastly, an acute. My thighs and body make another, and my head, leaning perpetually over my belly, I fancy, makes me not very unlike the letter Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In short, I am a living epitome of human misery." Mark, however, his charity

and good-humour: "I hate no man, and could wish all the world did the same by me. I am as blithe as a bird when I have money, and should be much more were I in health. I am merry enough in company—I am content enough when alone." It is well when a man can make merry with his deformity. "Dickens and daisies! what a fine gentleman you would be vor to show at a vair!"

With some persons, deformity is not always a bar to self admiration and vanity. A rump-bone that sticks out like the ace of spades, the most extraordinary convexity of back or concavity of stomach, deter not the owner from strutting as an Apollo Belvidere. We have beheld a little *Tydeus* emulating the frog in the fable, bursting *our* sides instead of *his own*. Who but has laughed at the vain pranks of that diminutive court-coxcomb, *Sir Jeffrey Hudson*?—We can pardon a smile when deformity, blind to its defects, apes the carpet-knight—the *preux chevalier*. Monstrosity is not without its advantages: "His Majesty's tall Porter," and "the Queen's Dwarf," enjoyed privileges that better-proportioned people might well envy. We behold the giant and the pigmy hob-nob together, while "the glass of fashion," who paid for peeping, is obliged to effect a compromise between appetite and curiosity. We have before us a bundle of black-letter *ballads*, such as we verily believe stocked the pack of Autolycus; for among them is the "*Strange Fishe*," which prove that England, from a very early period, has been a ready mart for *monsters* of all sorts, from "the miracle of the world—the paragon of animals," to animals that are miracles without being men. As the collection is singularly curious and certainly *unique*, we indulge the reader with a taste—and *but* a taste—of its quality:—

"The true description of a childe with ruffles, born in the parish of Micheham, in the county of Surry, in the yeere of our Lord 1566."

"The true description of two monstrous children, lawfully begotten between George Stevens and Margerie his wife, and borne in the parish of Swanburne, in Buckinghamshire, the 4th of Aprill, 1566."

"The forme and shape of a monstrous chylde, born at Maydstone, in Kent, the 24 October, 1568."

"The description of a monstrous pig, the which was farrowed at Hamsted, beside London, 16 day October, 1562."

"The true description of this marveilous strange fishe, which was taken on Thursday was se'night, the 16th day of June, in the yeare of our Lord God, 1569."

"A mervaylous strange deformed swyne, furrowed and brought forth in Denmarke."

All with wood-cuts the most grotesque and *bizarre*—descriptions in prose—and (generally) *ballads*, or "Exhortacions or warnynges to all men, for amendment of lyfe;" and prayers to God, to "Grant our gracious soveraine queen (Elizabeth) long over us may raigene."—So much for the *monsters* of merry old England.

This drama exhibits *three* monsters, of peculiar uniformity of *back* and diversity of *mind*: Ibad, the Cunning; Badekan, the Selfish; and Syahouk, the Simple. This crooked triumvirate had long made merry the people of Damascus—they laughed and wondered; familiarity begat contempt; to contempt succeeded annoyances, which the cunning man bore with philosophy, and the fool with indifference, but in the bosom of the selfish man they awakened deep hatred and desire of revenge. Badekan, to avoid the rabble, gaze, and shout, fled to Bagdad, married a rich widow, and became money-grub and a churl. Ibad earned a hard subsistence by sharpening the knives and scimitars of the Musselmén, which subsistence

he kindly shared with his simple brother ; who, indolent and happy, realized the eastern proverb, " To sit is better than to stand, to ride is better than to walk, to sleep is better than to wake, to die is best of all." Trembulo, an old snuff-merchant, had *purchased* Hemjunah, a young cottage girl, for the purpose of making her his wife.—This is well enough in a land where the ladies are said to have no souls ! Hemjunah is beloved by Borico, a gallant soldier in the service of the Caliph of Bagdad. The jealous dotard places his intended bride under the care of Guzzaret, a vain superannuated crone ; but, in consequence of some misgivings, he commissions Ibad, who, by some quick answers, has given him a high notion of his sagacity, to watch the premises during his absence, and report progress. Out of the personal likeness between the brother Hunchbacks, the wise man and the fool, arises much ludicrous perplexity—one is repeatedly mistaken for the other, and placed in situations much after the whim of the Comedy of Errors. The precise duenna, who stands stoutly on her *reputation*, is locked up in a closet, and nearly turned out of the house for getting tipsy ; Trembulo is sorely terrified at the supposed apparition of the spectre brothers ; Borico, by means of a rope, enters the chamber of his mistress, ventures an anorous flight, and persuades her to take one ; is pursued, overtaken, separated from his beloved, who again escapes from her thralldom, assumes the disguise of a slave, asks the protection of the wife of Badekan, and encounters her old acquaintance, the *crumps*, who had fled from the wrath of Trembulo to the house of their rich brother. The wife, to spite her ill-tempered husband, secretly grants an asylum to the fugitives. In her agitation, she gives the Hunchbacks opium for brandy ; the usual effects transpire ; when, thinking that she has killed them, she bribes a porter with six sequins to throw their bodies into the river. The fellow having cast *Ibad* over the bridge, is called to perform the same office to *Syahouk* ; he starts at the resemblance, but, naturally concluding that his burden is come back again, ties a huge stone round the simpleton's neck, and sinks him a fathom or two deeper. *Badekan* appears, *alive*, but not merry—impudent dog ! to give an honest man all this trouble for six sequins. In spite of expostulation, the porter hoists Hunchback upon his shoulders, and, resolved to do his work effectually, hies once more to the water side, and gives the churl a similar ducking. 'Tis the anniversary of the feast of the *fishes*—so we should think, after the bait thrown into them—and whoever comes at daybreak to the court of the most high Caliph, shall be righted of his wrongs. Trembulo appears, to demand his affianced bride, the young cottager ; and old Guzzaret, to claim the fulfilment of a solemn promise of marriage made to her by an inconstant Musselman, the snuff-merchant to wit The Three Hunchbacks, having been rescued by some fishermen from a watery grave, enter the sublime presence : the Caliph, to whom their strange story affords abundant mirth, gives the selfish man sound advice ; provides liberally for Ibad and Syahouk ; compels Trembulo to wed the governess ; unites the lovers ; and ends his good work with the *moral* with which we began—that the outward form, however uncouth, may be irradiated by inward virtue, and that deformity of *body* is no evidence of deformity of *mind*

Costume.

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD.—Richly-trimmed tunic—white broad jewelled belt, with point lace hanging down the front—white muslin full trousers, richly spangled—rich green velvet robe—embroidered turban, and feathers—sword—morocco boots.

BORICO.—*First dress*: Scarlet fly—yellow satin vest—white trousers—slippers—turban, with feathers. *Second dress*: As a sailor.

TREMBULO.—Brown tunic and cloak—loose trousers—turban—morocco slippers.

BADEKAN, SYAHOUK, and IBAD.—Blue—white vest, with black belt—trousers—turban—slippers.

PORTER.—Brown fly—blue vest and trousers—turban.

HEMJUNAH.—*First dress*: White satin dress and robe—trousers—turban—slippers. *Second dress*: White body and tabs—scarlet petticoat, trimmed with blue.

NOHOUD.—Green body and tabs—white petticoat, trimmed with green.

GUZZARET.—Brown tunic dress—white turban and slippers.

Cast of the Characters,

<i>The Caliph of Bagdad</i>	.	.	Mr. Bengough.	
<i>Trembulo, an old Snuff-Merchant</i>	.	.	Mr. Lawrence.	
<i>Borico, a young Subaltern, in the Caliph's service</i>	.	.	} Mr. Gale.	
<i>Badekan, the Selfish</i>	} <i>the Hunch-</i>	} Mr. Jervais.		
<i>Syahouk, the Simpleton</i>			} backs	} Mr. Knight.
<i>Ibad, the Sensible</i>				
<i>The Porter</i>	.	.	Mr. Atkinson.	
<i>Mesrour, Officer of the Divan</i>	.	.	Mr. Smith.	
<i>Hemjunah, a young cottage Girl, loved by Borico</i>	.	.	} Miss Jonas.	
<i>Nohoud, Badekan's Wife</i>	.	.		
<i>Guzzaret, Hemjunah's Governess</i>	.	.	Mrs. Davidge.	
			Miss Bence.	

Fisherman, Officers, People, &c.

THE HUNCHBACKS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Outside of Trembulo's House, R. S. E., which is entered through an arched Gate, with a Watch-Tower and lattice Window on one side—a Corridor and practicable Window from House on the other—a Conduit, L. S. E.—the Grand Mosque and a Bridge in the background.*

Enter HEMJUNAH and GUZZARET, from the bridge, C.

Hem. (L.) Heigho! here we are again.

Guz. (R.) Alla he praised! at your own door.

Hem. My own door, Guzzaret?—alas!

Guz. Yes, truly, your own; for doesn't it belong to your intended husband, Trembulo? and I'll warrant him as rich a merchant as any in all Damascus, though he hasn't been more than three days in the place.

Hem. I wish he'd never brought me to it; I was far more happy in my own valley.

Guz. Psha! poor rusticated child!

Hem. Yes, Guzzaret, with my parents, though they were lowly, I enjoyed a thousand delights of which the merchant, Trembulo, deprives me. I was unrestrained as the waving of the cedar-tree—joyous as the birds of paradise.

Guz. And tender as the doves of Java. I can guess, Hemjunah, you were not without your billing and cooing at home, with some clown or other, doubtless as great a simpleton as yourself, till my master generously purchased you of your parents, and determined to make you a lady

Hem. Alas! they thought to see me happy.

Guz. And if you are not so, 'tis your own fault. I know a young gentlewoman, much better bred than yourself, who would be proud of your opportunity—the

merchant wants eyes, I think—but no matter for that,—to be sure, all don't see alike—but, as I was saying, doesn't he allow you every gratification? a fine house, fine clothes, and, above all, the happiness of my intellectual society?

Hem. To be sure, he permits me to go with you to the mosque.

Guz. And isn't that a superlative enjoyment?—only think how the people stare at us as we pass, and exclaim, there go the wife and daughter of the rich Trembulo—for I dare say they think you the merchant's daughter—who would not wish to be thought great?

Hem. I have no such ambition; simplicity accords best with my ideas—innocence and mountain freedom.

Guz. Child, you must learn to forget simplicity—innocence, faugh! 'tis become a most unfashionable commodity. Now, let us lose no time: the merchant has determined the ceremony of your nuptials shall take place this very evening. [Exit into the house, R. S. E.]

Hem. [With much pathos.] What a wretched girl am I! Oh, Borico! my brave young soldier! must we then part, and for ever?

SONG.—HEMJUNAH.

How happy, happy was my fate,
Where oft in Tasna's vale I sate,
To watch the streamlets play;
Or twine a wreath of rosy glow,
To deck Borico's manly brow,
That on my bosom lay:
Adown the vale,
The nightingale,
With note so soft and free,
Lillo, li la,
Lillo, li la,
Was not so bless'd as we,
Adown, &c.

Oh, now farewell! for ever flown
The only joys my heart has known,
How chang'd a lot is mine;
Yet still fond thought shall bless the hours,
When 'neath lov'd Tasna's lonely bow'rs,
Borico, I was thine!
Adown, &c.

[Exit into the house, R. S. E.]

Enter BORICO, L. S. E.

Bor. It was the same delightful voice I have so often hearkened to with emotions of transport in the palm

valley—yes, it was the voice of my own Hemjunah : her cruel parents, assigning our mutual poverty as an excuse, have sold her to the rich merchant, Trembulo ; he carried off my beloved, and seeks to conceal her here. How fortunate it is that I should think of taking the road to Damascus, and more so, that I should go to the very mosque. But how to enter the house—ha ! some one comes—am I observed ? *[Retires behind the conduit, L.*

Enter GUZZARET and TREMBULO, from the house, R. U. E.

Tre. (R.) In the space of a few hours I shall return, and make her my wife ; now, be sure you remain careful, Guzzaret.

Guz. Oh ! never fear my discretion ; you have often put my prudence to the test, and always found in me a woman of discernment, honour, and——

Tre. There, there, don't commence that story, for when once a female begins to preach about her own merits, Mahomet grant him patience that is doomed to hearken to the end of the chapter. All I require of you is, to keep a sharp eye in your head, and double lock the doors. Between ourselves, Guzzaret, I've discovered that Hemjunah has a sort of a hankering after a young soldier, named Borico.

Guz. [Aside.] So much the better.

Tre. I hear the fellow is on his way to Damascus, but I shall be a match for him ; Hemjunah is my property, and I'll marry her in the course of a few hours—that is, immediately after my return from the snuff-market. I'll be a match for him—*[Laughing.]* ha, ha, ha !—let me alone—ha, ha, ha !

Guz. [Aside.] Then I retain no chance.—*[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha ! he, h—e ! ugh !

Bor. [Aside, peeping from behind the conduit.] An old dotard ! why the deuce does he stand grinning and mumbling here, with his cursed ha, ha ?

Tre. Well, now, get in with you, and be sure don't be looking out of the window.

Guz. I look out of the windows ! Is it elegant, is it decorous ?

Tre. Certainly, not decorous. *[Aside.]* I believe I may depend upon her—expect my return shortly.

Guz. [Bowing.] Farewell, mighty merchant ! master of Guzzaret, wife of the late——

Tre. Curse your ostentation, you know I hate it—so

you had been wife of a mountebank it wouldn't matter to me, only do as I direct.

Guz. I should like to see the mountebank that would dare to call Guzzaret wife—ugh!

Tre. [*Pushing her into the court.*] In pity do go in, and hold your clack. [*Exit Guzzaret into the house, R. S. E.*] Somehow, I don't feel altogether satisfied with Guzzaret; she thinks too highly of herself, and yet I never found her other than an honest woman. I wish my old rascal of a eunuch had not taken the liberty to die last week. After all, women are not to be depended on.

[*Ibad singing without.*

Any sabres to grind,
Any razors to grind,
Any knives to grind, ho! ho!
Old rusts to abolish,
Old steel to new polish,
Come bring them before I go, ho! ho

Enter IBAD, with his grinding-lathe, L.

Ibad. Alla save you, sir! shall I touch up your scimitar?—[*Turns his wheel.*] Nothing like a sharp answer at hand to each impertinent demand offered in Damascus.

Tre. This seems a shrewd knave; I've a great mind to give him a bribe and set him to watch my house—ho, fellow! you want a job, do you?

Ibad. So it's an honest one, sir.

Tre. I like the word honest, it looks well—what are you, my lad?

Ibad. A sharper, sir.

Tre. A what?

Ibad. That is, sir, I make sharp; I grind scissors, sabres, and knives, for which reason the witty people of Damascus call me a sharper.

Tre. Your's is a dull trade.

Ibad. On the contrary, sir, 'tis a very bright one; the professors of it are denominated men of shining parts; 'tis allowed that we are enabled to draw forth sparks of radiance from the roughest tempers, to give a keenness to the bluntest compositions, and to produce the most cutting arguments imaginable.

Tre. I admire your wit, but with me 'tis out of place. I perceive by your habit that your trade, like most other shining characters, is not a very lucrative one; in a word, then, I'll give you a sequin to watch this house a few hours, till I return: nobody must go either in or out.

Ibad. A sequin? Mahomet! I have watched all my life, and never had so much at once; I'll do as you please—this house?

Tre. This house; you shall conceal yourself behind the conduit—yet stay, now I think on't, you shall sit in the watch-tower at the gate; I'll take away the key with me, and old Guzzaret will then be discreet, like most of the sex, because she can't be otherwise without a discovery. Come along in.

Ibad. I will but just run home with my lathe, and lock it up in our shed, merely over the bridge yonder; I'll return in an instant. [*iSngs.*] Old sabres to grind, &c.

[*Exit over the bridge, c.*

Tre. This is a clever fellow, and not handsome enough for Hemjunah to fancy; what if I take him into my service. I'll just inform Guzzaret of my intention about setting him to answer the gate, and then away: I think, if I prove not a match for Borico, it will be something singular—[*Laughing.*] ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit into the house, R. S. E.*

Bor. Now, if by any means I could but win over the Hunchback to my cause, and effect the liberation of my mistress—ha! he's coming this way, I'll speak to him—old Trembulo's voice again.

[*Retires—as Ibad is seen going over the bridge with his lathe.*

Enter SYAHOUK, L., wheeling another lathe.

Sya. Old knives to grind. [*Sits himself on the lathe.*] Oh! there goes brother Ibad, out of sight; now, then, I'll rest a little, for he never suffers me to stand still a moment: no, that ugly cudgel of his is for ever waking me out of my sleep—law, I wish there would be no such a thing as getting a living. I can't think why Mahomet doesn't make me a gentleman—he must know how I abominate work, I'll pray of him to send me some money—a sequin now, oh!

Enter TREMBULO and GUZZARET, from the house.

Tre. This is he, Guzzaret; here, fellow, here's the sequin.

Sya. A sequin! ha, ha, how droll! Oh, I'll pray again; perhaps, as he's sent me a sequin, he'll send me a house.

Tre. Come, this is the house; you must sit in the watch-tower till my return.

Sya. A house, too, ha, ha, how droll ! What will Ibad say to all this ? he shall live with me, but not the cudgel—no, no.

Tre. How is it that you didn't put your lathe into the shed ?

Sya. How should I, when brother's got the key in his pocket.

Tre. Why couldn't you say so before ? get in with ye, and Guzzaret, give him a drop of something to drink. You can set your lathe in the entry—go along.

Guz. Methinks my honour might have been depended on—ugh ! What an oddity this fellow is—I'm sure I hope he'll not fall in love with me, much as I want protection. I could not, I think, take compassion—

Tre. Now, Guzzaret ! [*Exit Guzzaret—Syahouk sings, as Tremoulo pushes him in, "Old knives," &c.—he locks the gate.*] There, there you sit in the tower—that's right, be sure and watch—[*Syahouk looks through the grate.*] all fast, all safe, no skulkers, no ; now for the market, then, to become a gallant bridegroom—la, la, la ! [*Exit, L.*]

Sya. Watch ! Oh ! this is a snug birth ; he's locked the gate, so Ibad can't get at me—how kind Mahomet is—I could go to sleep in this place, here's a seat, and every thing so comfortable, but I must watch.

Bor. [*Coming forward, seeing Ibad return over the bridge.*] What am I to do ? she'll not think of coming to the window—the old wretch has taken away the key, Hunchback can't admit me if he would—what can I do ?

Enter IBAD, from the bridge, c.

Ibad. Now, then, I'm ready to serve you.

Bor. You, you ? Oh, then you've got the key.

Ibad. Sir ! [*Aside.*] oh, this is the old man's son ; he's going out too, perhaps—yes, [*To Borico.*] I've got the key.

Bor. If, then, you will but unlock the gate and let out my mistress, who is confined in yonder house, instead of one you shall have five sequins.

Ibad. Mine is only the key of my lathe-shed.

Bor. But you can undo the gate ?

Ibad. How should I ? 'tis double-locked.

Bor. But you came out this instant.

Ibad. By Alla, I never was on the inside yet.

Bor. Is it possible ? This must be some evil genius, who had a mind to sport with my misfortunes.

Ibad. What can he be talking about?

[*Syahouk snores, and Ibad runs towards the grating.*

Ibad. Oh! ha, ha, ha! I see how it is, the old merchant has mistaken my brother for me, and put him into the sentinel's box; as usual, he's fast asleep.

Bor. Your brother! and so like yourself? [*Running to the grating.*] Yes, 'tis true.

Ibad. Yes, my brother; I have another yet, so like ourselves, that for a long time we were esteemed the wonders of Damascus. People stood still to gaze on us as we passed through the streets, but I heeded not their mirth, since 'twas decreed above, deformity can only be pernicious in the heart. Syahouk, there, poor fellow, was too simple ever to regard it—he laughed at those that laughed at him; but Badekan, my third brother, grew savage as he grew more noted, and fled from Damascus to Bagdad, where, as I understand, he is now doing well, without caring for the fate of either Syahouk or myself, whom probably he loaths to think on.

Bor. This is an extraordinary story—however, will you serve me?

Ibad. With all my heart.

Bor. But how?

Ibad. Leave a sabre-grinder alone, to exercise the sharpness of his wits—let's see, I'll roar out, and pretend to have fallen over the wall.

Bor. You'll awake your brother.

Ibad. Never fear my voice should effect what a good drubbing often fails to accomplish—retire—remember, five sequins!

Bor. O, yes, yes! [*Retires behind the conduit, L.*

Ibad. [*Throwing himself down, after taking off his turban.*] Now, observe—oh, dear! oh, help! o—h!

[*Guzzaret comes to the window.*

Guz. Blessed Alla! what's the meaning of this outcry?

Ibad. Oh, madam! oh, dear!

Guz. How, in the name of the prophet, came you in the street? I thought you were to sit in the watch-tower.

Ibad. As I paced the court, the wind suddenly blew off my turban, and lodged it on the wall; I clambered to reach it, my foot slipped, and over I tumbled.

Guz. 'Tis wonderful you did not break your neck. Couldn't you contrive to tumble back again.

Ibad. There's not a whole bone in my skin, I do verily think—o—h!

Guz. Dear me! dear me! if the merchant comes home, he'll never believe you tumbled over the wall—he'll suspect it only a trick of mine, to carry on some intrigue. Are your legs broken?

Ibad. Both.

Guz. Never mind that, do try and walk.

Ibad. [*Getting up.*] There, there, not so bad as I expected—my arm's dislocated, that's all. How am I to get in again? can't you unlock the gate?

Guz. Alas! no; Trembulo has the key. I have a rope in the anti-room, could you climb up?—but then, your dislocated arm.

Ibad. True, but my hands ail nothing—suppose I try.

Guz. There's a good lad; wait a moment. [*Retires.*]

Ibad. [*To Borico.*] Now, sir, I think we are in a fair way of rising in the world. You'll soon be at the feet of your mistress, but don't forget the five sequins.

Bor. [*Coming forward.*] No, no—this is admirable! How shall I ever thank you?

Ibad. Pay me, sir, 'tis all I require.

Bor. [*Feeling for his purse.*] Here, then.

Ibad. Hush! she comes again.

[*Borico retires—Guzzaret throws a cord from the window.*]

Ibad. [*Limping about*] I'm afraid I shall never be able to get up—my poor disjointed bones!

Guz. Oh! never mind your bones—think of my character, my reputation.

Ibad. True, a lady's reputation before all the fractures in Europe. I'll do my best—o—h! o—h! o—h! [*He ascends with apparent difficulty—she assists him on the corridor—he looks and laughs at Borico, who peeps from behind the conduit.*] 'Tis accomplished.

Guz. Let me take in the rope.

Ibad. O—h, I'm very bad! oh, assist me! o—h!

[*As they disappear, Borico comes forward.*]

Bor. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! this is the most extraordinary luck in the world. Nobody at hand, the coast is clear, then up I go. [*Climbing up by the rope.*] Now, loved Hemjunah!—[*Getting on the corridor.*] Sure I heard a voice.

Sya. [*Snoring and singing.*] Old knives to grind.

Bor. Well done, my trusty Argus, sleep on till your master comes to rouse you. [*Exit at the window.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room inside the House.*

Enter GUZZARET, supporting IBAD, R. S. E.

Ibad. Ah, me!

Guz. For mercy's sake compose yourself, don't think of dying till you reach the watch-tower, or my reputation—sure I heard footsteps on the corridor.

Ibad. Oh, I'm dying!

Enter HEMJUNAH, L.

Hem. Alas! what alarm is this?

Guz. This poor creature has tumbled, in a most singular manner, over the wall. I'm so apprehensive of Trembulo's anger, I have contrived to admit the unfortunate sentinel through the corridor, and now I fear he will not live even to reach the watch-tower again.

Hem. Poor man! how could such an accident possibly occur; pray inform me.

Ibad. [*Making signs to Hemjunah.*] O—h!

Guz. Do run to the window, and take in the cord by which I drew him up, or the merchant——

Hem. Oh, certainly! I'm so terrified. [*Exit, L.*]

Guz. Now I come to think on't, there's scarcely a breath of air stirring to-day, yet the wind blew off your turban—how very remarkable!

Ibad. It was a sudden squall, madam.

[*A scream heard without.*]

Guz. A sudden squall! what's that?

Ibad. [*Aside.*] A sudden squall, too, I think. The poor girl's overjoyed at the sight of her lover.

Guz. Can't you lean against the door a moment? I'm sure Hemjunah has met with some accident, perhaps one of these sudden squalls has blown her into the street.

Ibad. Oh, dear! I'm considerably worse, it will soon be over—oh, o—h!

Guz. Was ever woman of my reputation thus situated? If you can but proceed to my apartment, I have a flask of crimson cordial, which often revives me—do pray try.

Ibad. Have patience—oh, dear! o—h!

[*Exeunt, R. S. E.*]

Enter BORICO and HEMJUNAH, L.

Bor. Why do you tremble thus? Are we not again in each other's arms? Death only shall divide us.

Hem. Which way can we escape? the outer door is fast, and, were it not, we must pass through Guzzaret's apartment to reach it.

Bor. At all events, we'll try to break open the bolts—that done, in spite of your unkind parents, or the cunning watchfulness of Trembulo, we'll fly, and become united.

Hem. Dearest Borico! should any accident betide you!

Bor. Think not of danger, Hemjunah; where you are, all must be happiness. This way, love! [*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*Guzzaret's Apartment, with a door, C. F.—a wardrobe, R. F.—a closet, L. F.—and a couch, L.*

Ibad discovered on the couch, supported by GUZZARET.

Ibad. O, don't leave me a moment alone! I faint—I die!

Guz. Mahomet forbid! Don't think of dying here: could I but obtain the cordial from yonder closet!

Ibad. Closet! O, I parch! I burn! [*Sinking on the couch.*] Drink, drink!

Guz. Rest awhile. O my reputation! a man found in this chamber—worse and worse! A drop of cordial must be administered, or he'll never be animated enough to reach the tower. Hemjunah!

Ibad. The cordial, the cordial!

Guz. O, my poor character!

[*Runs into the closet—Ibad follows her cautiously, and locks the door.*]

Ibad. You and your poor character are now secure enough—ha, ha, ha!

Enter BORICO and HEMJUNAH, L.

Ibad. I'm glad you didn't forget the sequins.

Bor. [*Taking out his purse.*] Here they are; but how to escape?

Ibad. The coast is clear of informers—the governess is safe in her own paradise, among good spirits—in the cordial closet.

Guz. [*Calling.*] Unlock the door!

Bor. We have not a moment to waste ; I hear foot-steps !

Hem. Heavens !

Bor. My scimitar !

Ibad. Conceal yourselves, and leave the rest to me. Here—here !

[*Borico and Hemjunah go behind the couch, L.—Ibad into the wardrobe, R. F.*]

Enter SYAHOUK.

Sya. What a fine place this is ! I only wish Ibad could see it ; the old woman talked of bringing me some Sherbet—but I suppose she's fallen asleep and forgot it. I've not seen nobody come through the gate—nobody at all. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, hæ ! how droll !

Guz. I can't open the door. [*Calling from the closet.*] Here, man with the broken bones !

Sya. Broken bones ! O dear !

Guz. I can't get out with the cordial.

Sya. Cordial ! sherbet, she means. [*Laughing.*] Ha, na ! 'tis well I came. [*Goes to open the door.*]

Ibad. [*Starting forward from the wardrobe, and arresting his arm.*] Let her remain !

Sya. Why, where the deuce did you come from ?

Ibad. Follow me from the house, or a good drubbing awaits you. Now, then, to break open the gate.

[*Hemjunah and Borico rise from behind the couch, and advance, L.*]

Sya. Somebody else, too—ha, ha, ha ! I can't let any body out ; but if you break open the gate——

Guz. [*Knocking.*] Let me out !

Ibad. [*Knocking.*] Governess, you're let in.

Bor. Hush ! I'm sure somebody comes.

Ibad. I'll reconnoitre—be silent. [*To Syahouk.*] For fear of danger, get you into this wardrobe ; and stir if you dare till I call.

Sya. Into a wardrobe, brother ; well, somebody said, the other day, I wanted a new wardrobe. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha ! how droll !

Ibad. [*Pushing Syahouk into the wardrobe, R. F.*] Simpleton ! not a word ! [*To Borico.*] Depend on me !

[*Exit, C. D. F.*]

Hem. Should it be the merchant ! He comes again !

Re-enter IBAD, hastily, C. D. F.

Ibad. Conceal yourselves a moment—'tis the merchant.

[Peeping into the wardrobe.] Syahouk asleep again—'tis well.

[Borico and Hemjunah conceal themselves behind the sofa, and Ibad stands by the door.]

Enter TREMBULO, C. D. F.—Ibad follows him.

Tre. (c.) I'm glad I thought of coming home abruptly. All seems pretty quiet. But what's become of the sentinel, I wonder?

Ibad. (L. c.) Here am I, sir.

Tre. O, that's right; but where's Guzzaret?

Ibad. What, the woman who——O! I'm ashamed to say——

Tre. Say what?

Ibad. Hearing a strange noise, quite unsuited to the respectability of this house, I came and peeped into the apartment, and beheld——

Tre. What?

Ibad. Madam Guzzaret, so tipsy.

Tre. Tipsy! O, Mahomet! Well?

Ibad. Seeing me at the door, she called me strange names, and wanted me to betray my trust; but it wouldn't do—no, no, I knew better than that; so I watched my opportunity, and, while she was tipping in the closet, made fast the door.

Tre. You are an honest lad, and I'll continue you in my service. A good-for-nothing——

Guz. [In the closet.] Rascal, will you unlock the door? I'll break it open.

Tre. If you do, I'll break your precious head. But where's my beloved Hemjunah?

Ibad. What, the young lady, sir? O, she's counting her rosary on the house-top.

Tre. I'll go to her; but first let forth this graceless toper—this queen and pattern of modesty and sobriety, as she calls herself.

Ibad. But Miss Hemjunah expects you, sir.

Tre. Let me behold this evening primrose of perfection first—she'll not be able to lift up her head, or speak to me.

[Unlocks the closet-door.]

Guz. [Throwing the crimson cordial in his face.] O, you ugly villain! o—h!

Tre. Ugly villain! is the woman mad? Why, what is the meaning of all this? Do you want to poison me?

Guz. [Coming forward, c.] Sir, you are dishonoured.

Tre. [R. C.—wiping his face.] So I should think.

Guz. Sir, there's a man in the house—I'm sure I heard his voice.

Tre. Yes, and you shall hear it again, to some purpose. Foolish woman! how should any body but myself enter—hadn't I the key?

Guz. Sir, sir, that fellow's the devil; he's in the house and out of the house at the same time.

Ibad. (L.) O, sir, the lady sees double.

Tre. Woman, you are drunk; but you shall instantly pack out of my service. I go to apprise Hemjunah of my arrival: let me not find you here when I return.

[Exit, C. D. F.]

Guz. Merchant! sir!

Ibad. Why don't you go?

Guz. I'll scratch out your ugly eyes!

Ibad. [Turning to the couch.] Nay, then, away; think not of me—I must stay a moment to prevent pursuit; besides, I must rescue my poor brother.

Bor. We'll meet again!

[Exeunt Borico and Hemjunah, R.]

Guz. Help, here, O!

Re-enter TREMBULO, C. D. F., catching a glimpse of the lovers.

Tre. Villain! you shall be hanged.

Ibad. [Interposing.] Master, so shall you!

Tre. Would you prevent my following them? I'll be the death of you. [Strikes him.] How do you like that

Ibad. Murder! O, I'm killed! O——h!

[Pretends to die.]

Guz. Mahomet! you've done it now—you've killed him! murder! murder! [Aside.] I'll frighten the old man, for threatening to turn me away.

Tre. I'm glad of—killed! hold your cursed yelling, or—killed! Ha, ha! O dear, O dear! [To Guzzaret.] This is all your doing.

Guz. Mine! I'll run and apprise the Cadi: you threatened to turn me away just now. [Aside.] I don't think he's dead, for all that.

Tre. Faithful Guzzaret, do but advise me, and I'll not only retain you in my service, but I'll marry you.

Guz. Marry me?

Tre. Yes, by the faith of a Mussulman! Already I hear voices: what's to be done if it should be any of the police?

Guz. O, I'm so alarmed! My own safety, too—let us drag him into the closet.

Tre. Well thought of! Assist me, for I'm almost without strength.

[*They drag away Ibad into the closet, L. D. F.*

Sya. [*Peeping out of the wardrobe.*] What can have become of the man who gave me the sequin? I think I've watched almost enough. Ibad gone, too! how droll! But I suppose, if I stir, he'll— [*Shuts the doors hastily.*

Re-enter TREMBULO and GUZZARET, from the closet, L. D. F.

Tre. I hope no one will suspect any thing.

Guz. 'Tis a lamentable affair.

Tre. But we'll keep it a secret, and he can't rise up to accuse us.

Re-enter SYAHOUK, from the wardrobe, R. D. F., meeting them.

Sya. Ha, master, here am I! Won't you give me another sequin?

Tre. & Guz. O—h! a ghost! [*They turn away, L.*

Re-enter IBAD, from the closet, meeting them.

Ibad. Ha, master, here am I! Won't you give me another sequin?

Tre. & Guz. [*Sinking on their knees.*] O—h! a ghost!

Sya. [*As Trembulo turns fearfully, R.*] Master!

Ibad. [*As Guzzaret turns fearfully, L.*] Murder!

Tre. & Guz. [*Falling on their faces.*] O—h!

Sya. Law! how droll! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha!

[*Ibad grasps his arm, and hurries him off, C. D. F., as the scene closes.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Square in Bagdad.

Enter BORICO, in the habit of a fisherman, L. S. E.

Bor. Alas! bereft again of my mistress, by the emissaries of the accursed merchant; but that I was overpowered by numbers, we had not been separated. 'Tis evident Trembulo did not return to Damascus; no no, he has a house on the banks of the Tigris—'tis there he will convey my Hemjunah. In this disguise I can

minge with the fishermen, and wander near the abode of my beloved ; heaven will not refuse to assist our meeting. Only by the stronger point of his sabre shall Trembulo withhold from Borico the maid of his heart.

SONG.—BORICO. [*Introduced.—Exit, R.*]

Enter IBAD and SYAHOUK, with their lathes, L. U. E.

Ibad. Thus far, to avoid the pursuit of old Trembulo, who, whenever he shall discover the imposition practised upon him, will have no mercy. Here, in Bagdad, lives Badekan, whom I am resolved to behold once more, even though he deny our relationship. Come along, Syahouk ; why don't you stir ?

Sya. Well, I do stir, don't I ? I'm so tired and so sleepy—when shall we be at brother Badekan's ?

Ibad. Presently, I hope. Let me see, 'tis now three years ago since Badekan ran away from Damascus, because the people called him one of the three crumps, and left us to manage as we could ; or rather, alas ! left me to manage—ungenerous ! He knew poor Syahouk's infirmity. They say that Badekan married his first employer's widow, and is now well off. I wish it may be so.

Sya. I suppose Badekan will give us plenty to eat and plenty to drink.

Ibad. If he could but give us employ, I should be satisfied.

Sya. [*Sitting himself on his lathe.*] If he would but give me enough to eat, I should be satisfied. Employ ? O, I don't like work !

Ibad. Poor Syahouk ! Heaven, which rendered him a simpleton, renders him insensible to the real miseries of human nature. Enough food, enough drink, and enough sleep, constitute the whole of his desires. To me, ever since Badekan's flight, Syahouk has been an incumbrance. An incumbrance ! no, I'll not say that—whatever the kind Prophet has bestowed upon me, it has been a pleasing duty to share with him. If Badekan had—but I'll not repine. Come, Syahouk ; how, asleep again ? Awake, sirrah, or this cudgel—

Sya. O dear ! why can't you let me alone ? I was dreaming of—ha, ha, so droll !

Ibad. Dreaming ! you are always dreaming—always stupid—the very knives I sometimes trust you to grind.

you render still more blunt. Well, well, you'll have rest when you arrive at your brother's

Sya. Ay?

Ibad. And food, too, I hope.

Sya. Ay?

Ibad. Alla grant me patience! methinks he grows more stupid than ever. Come along—let us inquire for the house of Badekan; 'tis almost night.

Sya. I thought so; I'm weary.

Ibad. With you 'tis always night. [Exeunt, R.]

SCENE II.—*Inside of Badekan's House, opening to a Moonlight View of a Bridge crossing the Tigris—a closet, L. U. E.*

NOHOUD discovered, working by a lamp.

Noh. Two hours! Badekan will be home presently, and, when he does come, why, he'll be as sullen and morose as a baited bear. O, I wish I'd never married—to be sure, when my poor dear first husband died, I wanted somebody to attend to business, and Badekan knew all the customers—besides, his skill in tempering steel was no mean advantage—he may temper steel, but he shall never temper me, I'm determined. [Knocking.] O dear, here he comes, in a precious humour, I dare say. [Opening the door.] Ah! a woman!

Enter HEMJUNAH, L., in the habit of a slave.

Hem. My dear Nohoud! my foster mother! Has an absence of four years so changed me, you forget—

Noh. Hemjunah!

Hem. The same. O, Nohoud! I'm in the greatest distress—unless you'll consent to conceal me a day or two, I'm lost.

Noh. What's the matter?

Hem. Listen: you've heard that I was to be married to a young soldier—my parents gave their consent, when, unfortunately, an old merchant came to our village, and fell in love with me: he was rich, and my father insisted on my becoming his wife.

Noh. With the true spirit of your sex, you resisted?

Hem. I did, but in vain; the old man took me away with him to Damascus, whither Borico followed; I escaped with my lover, and we were on the way to

become united, when the satellites of Trembulo overtook us——

Noh. And your lover——

Hem. Alas! I'm afraid he was killed; he fought bravely, but was overpowered by numbers; I could do nothing but weep till we arrived at the nearest caravan-sary. Trembulo left me a moment—I slipped on this disguise, leapt from the window, and here I am in Bagdad.

Noh. Alack! what am I to do with you? my husband is such a churl.

Hem. O! then suffer me to depart, if you have any fear of his displeasure.

Noh. I fear my husband's displeasure! No, indeed, I'm afraid of no man. And so here you shall stay, if only to convince you of what I've said; we'll soon hear tidings of your lover.

Hem. Kind Nohoud!

[*Knocking.*

Noh. [*Aside.*] I declare that's my good-for-nothing husband! it puts me all over in an ague, he'll so storm at me for having any body here. Perhaps he'll come home out of temper, Hemjunah, so just step up stairs for a moment—he's going out again. [*Exit Hemjunah, R. S. E.*] I'll explain my reasons hereafter.

Enter BADEKAN, L., without noticing Nohoud—he sits down in a very ill mind.

Noh. (R. C.) Why, he takes no more notice of me than if I were his servant. [*Pause—takes a seat and sits angrily by his side, L. C.*] Well, my lord Badekan, when you think proper to speak, I——

Bad. [*Sulkily, L.*] There, hold your peace; can't you see I don't want to be teased?

Noh. I say, what's the matter?

Bad. Every thing's the matter—every thing provokes me—you provoke me. Every thing's abominable—you are abominable.

Noh. I abominable!

Bud. Yes, your temper.

Noh. My temper! why, you ugly knave—you slanderous—my temper! O prophet, I that am the mildest! O, my poor first husband—this comes of letting one's self down, as I have done. [*Getting up in a great rage.*] I insist upon knowing what's happened.

Bad. [*Coolly.*] Do you?

Noh. This language to me, to whom you owe every thing.

Bad. I owe every thing? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha! that's a good joke: you owe every thing to me; you don't pretend to say you married me for love; no, no—look at me—d'ye think I've never seen myself in a glass? You married me because your husband's trade lacked my means—customers liked the goods I manufactured, and so—but I've no time to dispute about trifles.

Noh. Had I but hanged myself in my mourning garters ere—

Bad. You can do that now, at your leisure. But I have a secret to tell you; I will trust you, because I must.

Noh. [*Eagerly.*] A secret! Well, Badekan!

Bad. Now, why do you open your eyes of curiosity so wide? d'ye think I've got a giant in my mouth, and that he's going to leap out?

Noh. Churl!

Bad. Come hither. You've often heard me mention my two crump brothers whom I left in Damascus: they are on the road, as I learn, to Bagdad.

Noh. You mean, at last, to do something for them.

Bad. Yes—to kick them out of my house: am I to be made the sport of this place, as I was of Damascus, by a resemblance which even you will mistake.

Noh. 'Tis impossible for me to mistake you.

Bad. Be not too certain of that—remember, I have a scar on my right hand which they have not. Should they come during my absence, chide them from the door, I command.

Noh. Of what are you made to command, that I must obey?

Bad. I have a staff, the quality of which you shall taste, dare but to disobey. I go to get an injunction from the Cadi, to forbid their stay in Bagdad. I'll denounce them as vagabonds. [*Exit, L.*]

Noh. O, you barbarous! a staff, have you? Touch me with it, and I'll break every thing in the house! ugh!

Enter HEMJUNAH, R. S. E.

Hem. Dearest Nohoud, don't agitate your spirits thus! Compose yourself.

Noh. A staff, indeed! But come, child—let him go,

like a cur as he is—sit down and take some refreshment here. [*Knocking.*] Is he come again?

Hem. I'll retire.

[*Goes out, R. S. E.—Nohoud goes to the door, L., and opens it.*

Enter IBAD and SYAHOUK—she rushes forward and sinks on her knees.

Noh. Two Badekins! o—h!

Re-enter HEMJUNAH, R. S. E.

Hem. What do I behold? The sabre-grinders of Damascus!

Noh. Badekan twice over! o—h!

Hem. Nay, these are men from Damascus. Have you seen Borico, from whom I am again separated?

Ibad. No, indeed; we fear'd the punishment of the snuff-merchant, and resolved to leave Damascus for Bagdad; we have a brother here, called Badekan, a sabre-grinder, like ourselves.

Noh. [*Turning on her knees.*] Badekan's brothers!—You!—Dearest me!—Let me look at your hands. [*They give their hands.*] 'Tis true. What is it ye seek here?

Ibad. Our brother's long-lost acquaintance.

Noh. He resolves to disclaim you.

Ibad. Is it possible?

Noh. He denies that you are his brothers.

Ibad. Not his brothers!

Sya. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—How droll!

Noh. He's gone to denounce you to the Cadi as vagabonds.

Ibad. Unnatural Badekan!—We'll away at once!—Oh, Alla! for what am I destined?

Sya. Go away without any thing to eat, or something to drink?

Noh. He'll teach me to taste his staff, will he? Sit down: my husband desired me to turn you out of doors—for that very reason I'm determined you shall stay.—Sit down—I'll give you something to drink. [*Runs and brings a flask, which she puts into Ibad's hands—knocking, L.*] Oh, mercy!—he's here!—He'll destroy me!—That staff—that ugly staff!—The closet—here!

Sya. Into the closet!—How droll!

[*Nohoud thrusts them into the closet, L. U. E.—Hemjunah retires, R. S. E., and Nohoud opens the door, L.*

Enter BADEKAN, L.

Bad. What a while you keep one at the door. Has any body been here?

Noh. I wonder who should come at this time o' night.

Bad. Pour me out a drop of brandy.

Noh. Brandy!—We've none in the house.

Bad. Not in yonder closet?

Noh. You have the key, or I've lost it.

Bad. Then I'll go to bed.

Noh. To bed! [*Aside.*] Should he discover Hemjunah! —[*Aloud.*] There's a cask of brandy stored in the warehouse across the street.

Bad. I know that, without your information. Give me a flask—I'll go and draw some. Yet now I think on't—

Noh. [*Giving a flask.*] You'd better not take any to-night.

Bad. Your saying so is the very reason why I will.

Noh. [*Aside.*] I know that.

Bad. Shut the door after me.

[*Exit, L.*]

Re-enter HEMJUNAH, R. S. E.

Noh. He's gone!—Now to release the captives. — [*Listens, then runs and opens the closet—Ibad falls out.*] Oh, Mahomet!—oh, wretched Nohoud!—They are both dead!

Hem. Dead!—Nohoud!

Noh. In the hurry of the moment I gave them opium for brandy! I am their murderess—I've poisoned them!—O—h!

Hem. But you are innocent.

Noh. True—that's true. How to conceal the deed! O dear! what shall I do? I know an ignorant porter at the foot of the bridge: I'll pretend that these crumps died here on the sudden of some strange disorder, and persuade him to throw them into the river. I'll run to him, and, by the way, lock up Badekan in the warehouse till all is over. It must be so. [*Exit, L.*]

Hem. The moment is a dreadful one! How I tremble!—Nohoud!—She goes to the foot of the bridge—she speaks to the porter—they come this way!

Enter NOHOUD and PORTER, L.

Noh. All I've said is true. Here's the body—throw

it into the river—I'll give you six sequins—they are here. *[Showing money.]*

Por. Six sequins! With six sequins I can purchase a wife—I can set up a trade. Oh, I'll soon send your guest home by water!

Noh. Quick—quick!

Por. *[Taking up Ibad.]* He'll not trouble you again.

[Exit, carrying out Ibad, L.]

Hem. But the other—

Noh. Patience—see! *[The Porter is seen through the window to enter the bridge, and plunge Ibad into the river.]* He comes again!—Befriend me, Alla!

[Runs and fills a cup with brandy.]

Re-enter PORTER, L.

Por. Now for the money; you'll never see him again.

Noh. That's well; so take a drop of cordial.

Por. *[Drinking.]* This is rare beverage; I declare it makes me feel all over somehow like—

Noh. *[Filling again.]* Another!

Por. *[Drinking.]* Beautiful ladies!—Another!—I'll throw all Bagdad over the bridge.

Noh. *[Giving the flask.]* There—there; now for the sequins.

[The Porter drinks again, Nohoud goes to the closet, and returns, screaming.]

Por. What's the matter?

Noh. He's there again!

Por. *[Rubbing his eyes.]* By the prophet, and so he is! Let me get hold of him, I'll teach his worship better manners this time! I'll just tie a large stone about his neck, and see if he'll get out again! Come, come, my master; a few fathom deeper this time!

[Exit, carrying away Syahouk, L.]

[Nohoud and Hemjunah pause, till the Porter is seen to shoot Syahouk from the bridge.]

Noh. 'Tis done!—'tis done!—Now, then, I'm safe.—Mahomet be praised!

[Picture, as the scene closes.]

SCENE III. — *The Street before Badekan's House—*
“BADEKAN, SABRE-GRINDER,” over the door, R. F.—
the door of the Warehouse, L. F.

Enter the PORTER, drunk, C. F.

Por. Now for my sequins. Villain, to think of getting

out of the water after I had taken the trouble to throw him in so gently ! He'll not get out again.

Badekan. [*Inside the warehouse.*] I can't get out—open the door !

Por. Open the door !—Who the deuce are you, with your “Open the door ?”

Badekan. [*Singing within.*]

Very good liquor's a very good thing,
Sing heigh ! sing ho ! sing ding-a-ding-ding !

Por. Sing heigh ! sing ho !—Oh, a merry soul this ! I'll open the door—who knows what new luck it may let out ?

Badekan. [*Knocking*] Open !—I'll give you something you little expect to see.

Por. Will you so ? [*Opening the door.*] Then come forth, my boy—come forth. O—h !

Enter BADEKAN from the Warehouse, L. D. F., with a light and a flask.

Bad. Here I am, out of my hold, and in the street again, as fresh as ever ! What, my boy !—you shall have a smack of this—I'll take care to reward you for your trouble !

Por. Now don't you think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mister Hobgoblin, to be playing these here sorts of pranks all night with an honest porter ! Instead of six sequins, I ought to have eighteen. When I've carried you again to the river, it will be the third time.

Bad. I tell you, you shall share my drink.

Por. Your drink ! Oh, I don't like cold water—keep it all to yourself.

Bad. You shall go along with me, and see my wife. This is the door.

Por. [*Taking his arm.*] Don't go to frighten that poor woman again—you've put her into a high fever twice already to-night. Can't you stand still, I say ? No more pranks, but jump on my back, and home to your merry bed.

No more pranks !—jump on your back !—Why, the w's drunk !

Por. What, I suppose you think to manœuvre me out of my sequins ; but it won't do, Mr. Landfish ; so come along.

Bad. I'll knock you down !

Por. If you go on at this rate, I'm sure you'll knock me up. But I've lost time enough with your vagaries already ; this once, and no more !

[*Seizes Badekan with violence.*

Bad. I'll tell you what—you are an infamous rascal !

Por. This time I'll just tie you up in my sack, and get out again then if you can.

Bad. I won't go. Ho ! this is what you call fun, is it ? D'ye think I can't walk ?

Por. [*Throwing him on his shoulder.*] I shan't wait to try that—I'm for seeing whether you can swim.

Bad. I tell you I don't want to be carried to bed—I can sleep well enough where I am.

Por. I should think you'll sleep sounder there this time.

[*Exeunt Porter, carrying off Badekan on his shoulder, C. F.*

Enter BORICO and FISHERMEN, R.

Fis. Come, my lad, if you join us, you'll toil early and late. We'll go and gather up our nets, for to-morrow is the Feast of Fishes, and our first draught must be given to the Caliph ; so now with our old chaunt to invoke the Spirit of Fishermen. It will soon be day-break.

FISHERMEN'S HYMN.

By rocking height and shelly strand,
 Sit, smiling spirit of the deep ;
 O'er net and hook,
 In sea or brook,
 Extend thy fairy hand,
 And bid the waters sleep.
 While, gaily, we,
 Elate with glee,
 The full draught tow to and,—
 La-lo la-lo !
 The full draught tow to land,—
 La-lo, &c.

[*Exeunt, C. F.*

SCENE IV.—*The Grand Hall of Audience in Bagdad—the CALIPH on his Throne—MESROUR and TREMBULO, kneeling, and GUZZARET, veiled, R.—Officers, People, Banners, &c., discovered, L.—Flourish of trumpets.*

Crier. Whoever, on the anniversary of the Feast of Fishes, comes at day-break to the court of the most high Caliph, shall be righted in his wrongs.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Cal. [*Rising.*] Who seeks redress before the throne of the Caliph?

Tre. My liege, I come to demand the restoration of my affianced bride: she has absconded from my house, and taken refuge here in your city of Bagdad, with her gallant, who is called Borico, and wears the royal livery.

Cal. A traitor in the sacred retinue! Give orders that instant search be commenced for the discovery of this man's wife and her paramour.

Tre. Oh, equitable Caliph! behold, at the edge of your holy footstool, I presume to lay a purse of six hundred sequins, in order to defray the expenses of justice!

Cal. 'Tis well. [*A shout is heard without, L.*] What shout is that? [*Exit Mesrour, L.*] Now, who speaks?

Guz. My lord, light and lustre of your people's eyes! an unfortunate wronged female comes to demand the fulfilment of a solemn vow of marriage made to her by a Mussulman.

Cal. A Mussulman break his oath! That must not be. His name?

Guz. Trembulo, the merchant who now stands in the presence.

Tre. My lord, I never——

Cal. Woman, take off your veil.

Tre. [*As Guzzaret unveils.*] Guzzaret! Oh, my lord, that vow was made in a moment of distraction!

Guz. [*Aside to Trembulo.*] Another word, and I'll tell all I know of your murdering the Hunchback, of his ghost coming twice before us, and of your nailing up the cordial-closet to prevent its getting out in future.

Tre. [*Aside.*] If she does, they'll go there and find the body now. O laud!

Cal. Will you marry this woman?

Tre. Please allow me a few moments to consider—I'd sooner part with half my fortune.

Cal. Retire till you are prepared to answer—try and adjust the affair. [*They both retire up, R.*]

Re-enter MESROUR, L.

Mes. My lord, here are three fishermen, who, having hung their nets to dry under the arches of the Tigris bridge, have suddenly discovered in them three men so remarkably alike, 'tis impossible to distinguish one from the other.

Cal. [*Rising and advancing, c.*] Are the men alive?

Mes. They are, my lord, though at first they were found insensible.

Cal. Have they uttered nothing?

Mes. One of them, who calls himself Ibad, hearing 'twas likely he would be brought before the Caliph, hastily asked for a pencil, and sketched this preamble; the others seem quite confounded. This confession, too, extorted from a porter arrested at the foot of the bridge, throws some light upon the affair.

Cal. [*Taking the papers, and reading.*] "*We sought protection—Badekan's voice alarmed Nohoud—we drank the opiate—and she, perhaps, to avoid the fear of her husband—the porter then met Badekan, and, thinking him the same person*"—— [*Laughing heartily.*] Ha! ha! ha! [*To Mesrour.*] Go to the dwelling of Badekan, and bring hither his wife Nohoud.

Mes. She is already at hand, sir, with a young girl, supposed to be the merchant's runaway wife, who had been traced to her threshold.

Cal. Conduct them in; in the mean time, Mesrour, bring hither the three hunchbacks, also send in the fishermen—this will turn out a laughable adventure.

[*Exit Mesrour, L.—the Caliph returns to his seat.*]

Enter BORICO and FISHERMEN, R., and HEMJUNAH and NOHOUD, guarded, L.

Bor. Oh, I shall certainly come off with the bow-string!

Cal. Which of you is the affianced wife of Trembulo.

Hem. I, sir, am that wretched damsel.

Bor. [*Rushing involuntarily forward.*] My own loved Hemjunah!

Hem. [*Flying into his arms.*] My Borico!—my Borico!

Cal. What do I hear? Is this, madam, your gallant?

Bor. My liege, I am this damsel's rightful husband: the wealth of Trembulo deluded her father, who now relents of his unnatural conduct towards us; he gives Hemjunah to me again, as this packet just received may convince.

[*Presenting a paper.*]

Cal. [*Looking at the packet.*] Stay in the divan. [*To Nohoud.*] Woman, where's your husband?

Noh. My lord, he went out late, and has not since returned.

Cal. You know not, then, that the ignorant porter

whom you employed to throw your supposed dead brothers into the Tigris, has also, by mistake, thrown in your husband.

Noh. My husband! — Badekan! — drowned! Oh, what will become of me?—Who will take care of the shop?—Who grind the sabres like Badekan?—Oh, I'm undone!—Oh, I'm a ruined woman! [*Tears her hair.*]

Cal. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! Compose yourself—Badekan lives!

Noh. Lives! [*Aside.*] I declare my bones ache at the very thought!—That cudgel will now, indeed, be exercised. Oh! if he's a living man, I'm a dead woman
[*The Caliph motions her to one side.*]

Enter TREMBULO and GUZZARET, L.

Tre. Most mighty Caliph, that's my wife.

[*Pointing to Hemjunah.*]

Cal. Ere you knew her, she had been given to another. You must think of becoming the husband of this gentlewoman—I expect the performance of your oath.

Guz. Gracious Alla! then I shall have a husband at last!

Noh. [*Aside.*] Oh, that Alla would but give her mine!

Tre. Oh, hear me, sire!—My liege, I swear I never made a vow!—I call on Alla——

Enter IBAD, R.

Ah! here again! Let me escape! [*Turning away, L.*]

Enter SYAHOUK, L., facing him.

Necromancy!—Which way shall I avoid it?

[*Attempts to escape, L. U. E.*]

Enter BADEKAN, L. U. E., intercepting him.

Alla! Alla!—I do confess myself an old rogue! I will marry Guzzaret. Come, most d——able—most adorable wife!

Guz. Yes, dearest husband!

Tre. Oh, that ever I should come to this!—Oh!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

[*The Hunchbacks, dressed alike, bow low to the Caliph.*]

Cal. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—Woman, embrace your husband.

Noh. [*Confused.*] I—I—I——Which is my husband, my lord?

Cal. Is it possible you cannot tell?

Noh. My husband has a scar on his right hand.

Cal. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—Badekan, embrace your wife.

Ibad. [*Aside to Syahouk.*] Do as I do.

[*They all run and embrace Nohoud.*]

Noh. Oh! three husbands!—Worse and worse!

Cal. [*Coming forward.*] As I intend to bastinado Badekan, let me look at the right hand of each. [*Ibad and Syahouk put forth their right hands, but Badekan forbears.*] This is the man—stand aside. Why did each of you salute the woman?

Ibad. We did it, my liege, to revenge ourselves of our brother for his long neglect of us, because we were deformed; knowing, too, as he did, that the existence of poor simple Syahouk here depended on my industry.

Cal. [*To Ibad.*] I have read your hastily-sketched story. [*To Syahouk.*] Will you quit your brother, and live elsewhere?

Sya. Leave Ibad? [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha!—How droll!—Leave Ibad!—Yes, for he beats me when I wish to sleep.

Cal. Does he so?—Then he must be put to death.

Sya. Put to death!—Kill Ibad!—No, no!—Let him beat Syahouk, but don't kill him. Ibad—brother Ibad, let us go away to Damascus; these are wicked men. Brother!—brother!

[*Throwing himself into Ibad's arms with a burst of anguish and affection.*]

Cal. Read there, Badekan, what you ought to have been!—Wretched man! in the bosom of that unfortunate exists a spark, which at this moment proves his soul richer than a monarch's diadem! Had such a spark ever entered your selfish breast—

Bad. My lord—my lord! remorse fills me with tortures I never yet dreamt of: pardon me, though I deserve it not; and the remainder of my life shall be spent in atoning for the crime I have so unfeelingly committed.

Cal. This is my decision—hear it, all: Borico, return to your duty as a soldier; I bestow upon you the hand of this young lady, with the purse of six hundred sequins left by the merchant. You, Badekan, become a kinder husband and an affectionate brother. For Ibad, I myself shall carefully provide, and leave to his heart

the comforts of poor Syahouk ;—and henceforth I have to remember, that, however uncouth the outward form, the inward mind, which spreads around us a radiant blaze of virtue, like a golden halo, wraps in the forgetfulness of man every deformity that originates not in ourselves.

[Flourish of trumpets as the curtain falls.]

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